



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

In short its the sum of my wish and desire
That cheerfulness ever my breast may
inspire,
Let my purse become light and my liquor
run dry,
So my stock of good humour held out till
I die.

I have nothing to ask in the finishing scene,
But a conscience approving, a bosom
serene,
To rise from Life's banquet, a satisfy'd
guest,
Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope,
go to rest.

"I HAVE A HOME."

"I have a Home," delightful sound !
It makes my heart with joy rebound,
From Friendship's lips the words I hear,
They reach my heart and centre there.

"I have a Home,"—some potent spell
Must surely in the numbers dwell :
Sweet as the music of the grove,
And charming as the voice of Love.

"I have a Home," 'tis bliss to hear,
For peace and comfort wait me here :
Joys that oppression cannot know,
Pleasures that leave no taint of woe.

"I have a Home" and dwell in peace,
Each jarring thought has learned to cease,
No discord vain my calm annoys,
Or checks the current of my joys.

"I have a Home," no stranger there,
With fraud or guile may interfere,
No envious tongue create a sigh,
Or there my privilege deny.

"I have a home," and round my head,
Though many a storm its fury shed ;
Yet oft this thought inspired relief,
And checked an agony of grief.

"I have a Home," and there I know
The raptures that from friendship flow :
The smile serene, the converse kind,
Which emanate from hearts refined.

"I have a Home," a sure retreat,
A refuge from the storms of fate,
An anchor when the waves beat high,
A covert from a lowering sky.

"I have a Home," and there I see,
A bounteous God provides for me ;
I learn to feel for all who live,
And know that it is blest "to give."

"I have a Home," and there secure,
I think of many an houseless poor,
Hence soft emotions grateful rise,
Hence pity's tear bedews mine eyes.

"I have a Home," and oh ! my soul,
When time shall yield his stern controul,
When ages of eternal day
Commence their never-ending sway

When all this transient scene is o'er,
When sin misleads the heart no more,
When even the purest joys below
Shall cease to charm, shall cease to flow,
Then 'midst thy awful wreck of fate
Oh ! may my soul, serene, sedate,
Unmoved, tho' rent the world's vast dome,
Say, rapturous word ! "I have a Home."
Dublin. M. C.

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

STRANGE is the lot of weary, plodding
man,
As through the vale of life he holds his way,
His joys are oft collected in a span,
His griefs wide-spreading like the beams of
day,

And could the great Jehovah then ordain,
His fav'rite offspring thus to pine with
care,

When brutes irrational content obtain,
When wide creation smiles serenely fair,
Hence impious thought ! benevolence
supreme,

Did ne'er create an *atomy* for woe ;
Then surely *man*, elate in mind and mien,
Is formed each grand, each dear delight
to know.

Yes, but so erring are our thoughtless
hearts,

So wasp-like, in their nature so perverse,
That ev'ry flow'ry sweet which heav'n im-
parts,

Is changed to poison, to a sad reverse.
When spring and summer smile in lov-
liest bloom.

We range delighted o'er th' enchanting
plains ;

Where winter spreads around his awful
gloom,

Our summer's pleasures form our win-
ter's pains.

When youth and manhood drain en-
joyment's bowl,

With health, content, and gaiety we roam,
When chilling age imposes stiff controul,
Our early pleasures wake the pensive
moan.

When gen'rous friendship warms th'
expanded breast,

Delights unknown to selfish souls we find,
Should "perfidy ingrate" should death
infest,

Our past enjoyments agonize the mind.

O Mary ! short and blissful was the hour,
When first thy graces thrilled my leaping
heart ;

Too soon we parted, but alas ! thy power
I could not leave, so witching is thy art.

Again I saw, rejoiced, and loved the
move,

Worth bound the noose which beauty had
prepared ;